Which 1400. yeers ago were naild,
For our aduantage on the bitter croſſe.
But this our purpoſe now is twelue month old,
And bootleſſe t'is to tell you we wil goe.
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Coosen Weſtmerland,
What yeſter night our Counſell did decree
In forwarding this deere expedience.
Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whoſe worſt was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdforſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular, and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſſe transformation
By thoſe Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, retold, or ſpoken of.
King. It ſeemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſineſſe for the holy Land.
Weſt. This matcht with other did my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
Came from the North, and thus it did import,
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotſpur there,
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloudy houre:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.
King. Here is deare, a true induſtrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horſe.

Stain'd

Stain'd with the variati
Betwixt that Holmedo
And he hath brought
The Earle of *Douglas* i
Ten thouſand bold Sc
Balkt in their owne blo
On Holmedons plain
Mordake Earle of Fife,
To beaten Douglas, a
Of Murrey, Angus, an
And is not this an hon
A gallant prize? Ha co
Weſt. A conqueſt f
King. Yea, there th
In enuy, that my Lord
Should be the father t
A ſonne who is the the
Amongſt a groue the v
Who is ſweet fortunes
Whilſt I by looking on
See ryot and diſhonour
Of my yong Harry. O
That ſome night-trippi
In cradle clothes our ch
And cal'd mine Percy,
Then would I haue his
But let him from my th
Of this young Percies
Which he in this aduen
To his owne vſe, he kee
I ſhall haue none but M
Weſt. This is his vncle
Maleuolent to you in al
Which makes him prun
The creſt of youth again
King. But I haue ſent
And for this cauſe, a whi
Our holy purpoſe to Ieru